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WEST CHESTER BOARDING SCHOOL. CONDUCTED BY ELLWOOD WALTER.



This Institution is exclusively for boys, and is located in the Village of West Chester, about 12 miles from the City of New-York, on the railroad to New-Haven. The situation is pleasant, and probably, as healthy as any in the state.

There is a daily mail to and from the city, and communication, by Stage, with the Harlem Railroad, twice a day.

The usual branches of an English education, Mathematics, and the Greek, Latin and French languages are embraced in the course of instruction, which will be carefully pursued with a view to prepare the pupil for entering College, or for engaging in Mercantile business.

Familiar lectures on Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, illustrated by apparatus, and designed to interest scholars in the study of these Sciences, will be delivered in connection with the recitation of lessons from approved text books.

The School, Dining and Lodging Rooms are so arranged as to afford facilities for a constant supervision of the pupils.

There is ample space in the Play-ground for exercise and amusement, and a large room is appropriated to these purposes in inclement weather.

There are two Vacations in the course of the year; one during the last two weeks of Fifth Month, (May) and the other, the first two weeks of Tenth Month, (Oct.)

Pupils are required to furnish their own beds and bedding. All articles of bedding and clothing should be distinctly marked with the owner's name or initials.

TERMS.—For board, with tuition in the English branches only, \$15; with the languages, or Mathematics, included, \$50 per quarter, payable in advance.

The quarter consists of 12 weeks. No extra charges for Washing, Mending or Stationary.

References in the City of New-York: CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE, SAUL ALLEN, RAMSAY CROOKS,

WALTER B. TOWNSEND, WILLIAM WILLIS, JOSIAH MACY, ROBERT L. WALKER, WM. L. ROFF, MULFORD MARTIN, HENRY H. BARROW, WILLIAM ADEE, FREDERICK A. TALLMADGE, JOHN D. WRIGHT, HENRY HAYDOCK, DAVID LUDLAM, JR. ROBERT M. STRATTON, THOMAS HAZARD, E. K. COLLINS.

Select Tales.

THE PURSE: An American Tale. BY SKETCHER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a clear, cold, sunshiny Christmas morning in Philadelphia—Christmas, merry Christmas! Chestnut street was thronged with people whose faces beamed with happiness, and whose hearts leaped with joy, a joy not the least abated by the thrilling peals, which ever and anon rung out from Christ Church bells. The old, the young, the rich and the poor, were all mingled together in the gay thoroughfare. All classes and conditions seemed to have thrown aside care, determined to enjoy blithe Christmas with unalloyed felicity.

Perhaps it was this being engrossed so much with pleasure, more than hard-heartedness, that caused the gay groups who were going to and fro, to disregard the earnest appeals made to their sympathies by a young lad, apparently about fifteen years of age, who was wending his way through the throng, entreating them to bestow upon him a trifle for his poor mother.

He was a slender lad, and seemed to be quite delicate. Notwithstanding the poorness of his apparel, there was no appearance of vulgarity about him; on the contrary his every action was full of gentleness and grace.—There was something interesting in him. His features were regular, and finely cut; his brow broad and open, his eyes jetty black; and his eyebrows delicately arched, seemed like pencilings upon his clear white skin.—There was no bloom upon his cheeks

as is usual in youth, and a shade of melancholy rested upon his face which told that though young he knew sorrow.

Poor lad! he wandered along several squares, seeking in vain to arrest the attention of some one of the busy crowd, but they all passed him by. The merry laugh, and the joyous tones fell harshly upon his ear; he could not share in them. "All hearts are light but mine," murmured he, and the tears started in his eyes. He wiped them away, and proceeded on a little farther, but with no better success.

Shivering with cold for his clothes were poor and scanty, he was about to turn into a cross street in despair. Suddenly, however, he stopped, and appeared to hesitate.

"Poor mother!" said he to himself, "she will starve. No; I must not go home. I will try again."

At that moment he looked up, and saw three young girls, one about his own age, and the other two a little older, standing before a shop window, admiring the articles exposed there for sale. A new thought seemed to have struck him. Hitherto he had applied to gentlemen, and ladies; now he bethought him that perhaps those of his own years would lend a more willing ear. Accordingly he approached them, and instinctively addressed himself to the youngest. Whether it was the benevolent expression of her face, with its mild blue eyes, so different from the haughty appearance of the two dark eyed girls who were her companions, or whether it was because she was nearer his own age that he first accosted her he scarce knew.

"Will you please to give me a few cents, Miss, to buy some food for my poor sick mother?" said he with downcast eyes.

"No, don't Gertrude," said the eldest of the other two looking scornfully upon him, and then addressing him she added, "we haven't got any to give away: we want all of our money."

"Do, pray do," said the lad imploringly.—"My father is dead; my poor mother is sick, and she has no fire to keep her from freezing this cold weather, nor has she any thing to eat. Only a few cents."

"I will give him some Jane," said Gertrude to the one who had spoken, "wouldn't you Louise?" she continued, turning to the other, as the tears glistened in her eyes.

"You may if you choose," answered Louise, "I shan't."

"Neither will I," said Jane.

"But this sick mother," said Gertrude.

"Pooh! I hope you do not believe that story. He just wants to get some pennies that he may play pitchpenny with some of the other bad boys about the streets."

As she spoke she turned short around, and began to examine the articles in the shop window.

"Indeed I do not tell you a lie," said the boy warmly, fearing that she might be influenced by the examples of her companions, "Indeed I do not. Oh! do not refuse me. My poor mother—I fear she will die before I get home. She has had nothing to eat these two days."

The kind hearted girl could not withstand the appeals of the shuddering boy, made as they were in such pitiful tones, and taking her purse from her bag she put it in his hands.

"Take this," said she, "my uncle gave it to me this morning to spend for Christmas things, but I can do very well without them. Run home with it quick, and may it make you more comfortable if not merry, on this Christmas day."

The boy hesitated.

"May be your uncle will be angry, Miss," said he.

No, no," she answered, "he gave it to me to spend as I choose, and now I choose to give it to you. Hasten with it home."

"God bless you! God bless you!" he exclaimed, as the tears of gratitude coursed each other down his pale cheeks. "May you never want bread as we have done."

He would have thanked her more, but the thought of his starving mother came across his mind, and leaving them he was soon out of sight.

"What a dunce you are Gertrude," said Jane, to go and give him all your money, too!—"Now you are done purchasing."

"Well, I don't care," said the good hearted girl, "come, cousins, let us go into the store if you want to make your purchases." They went in.

CHAPTER II.

The youth did not stop to count the contents of the purse he had received, but turning onward as rapidly as his benumbed limbs would allow him, he went his way toward the south-western part of the city. After traversing many streets, he at last turned into a small dirty lane whose aspect betokened the abode of poverty. Lifting the latch of an old frame fabric, situated therein, he rushed into an apartment, whose wretched appearance fully corresponded with the exterior of the building. Indeed it was almost destitute of furniture. A table, two or three old broken chairs, a few plates and cups, upon a dresser, a water pail standing in one corner, and a candle-stick of tin that was upon the mantle, completed the furniture of the apartment—with the exception of a truckle bed near the chimney place. Upon this

bed lay a woman, pale and attenuated, whose face though thin and wasted, still bore marks of having once been beautiful. The soft Grecian outline of features, the thin and finely chiselled lips, the delicately arched eyebrows, the full dark liquid eyes, and the jetty silken hair, that fell in a rich flood over the wretched pillow on which her head reclined, all told of past loveliness and beauty. She was pale and appeared to be very weak and feeble—so much so that she did not shudder, even as the keen air entering the cracks and crevices of the apartment, blew over her miserable couch; with biting chillness, though it might be, perhaps, that it was the intenseness of the cold, which had already chilled the blood in her veins, and made her insensible longer to its freezing breath.

"Mother! mother!" cried the boy, throwing himself on his knees beside the lowly couch, as soon as he entered the room, "mother, cheer up!—look!—I have money—see! see!" and he held up the purse before her as he spoke.

The woman essayed to raise herself suddenly up as if to grasp it, but the effort was vain, and her slightly raised head fell again heavily upon the pillow. Her lips moved slowly: he bent his ear to catch her word.

"You did not—get it—unlawfully?" she muttered brokenly.

"No, no, mother," said the boy, "it was given to me by a sweet creature—an angel—God bless her! Yes! God bless her sweet face—it was almost as pretty as your own. She was so kind, too. No, no, I did not steal it."

"Thank God," murmured the woman faintly, and the blood played for a moment over her pale cheeks, and around her lips, and then fled, leaving them still more ghastly pale.

Poor woman! her trials were nearly over. That momentary flush told that death's icy touch was fast chilling her very heart. The lad seemed to have an apprehension of this, and throwing his arms about her neck, the tears coursed each other rapidly down his cheeks, as he gazed earnestly in her face.

"Mother, dear mother!" he exclaimed earnestly, "look up, look up—be of good cheer—we will yet be happy. I will go and get the doctor for you—he will come now, for I will do without victuals, and give him all this money if he will make you well."

"'Tis too late—too late," she whispered, her eyes slowly unclosing part way, and smiling half tenderly, half wildly.

"Oh! say not so, dear—dear mother, say not so. I will go this instant and fetch the doctor, and he will make you well, dear mother—he shall, for I cannot bear to part with you!"

As he spoke, he grasped his cap from the part of the bed, where he had thrown it when he entered, and was about to leave the room. He had scarcely taken a step, however, ere a low groan from the sick woman arrested his attention, and he turned again to the bedside. Her eyes were gradually closing, a slight convulsive tremor played for a second or more, around her mouth, a chattering of the teeth, a shuddering of her frame, that slowly passing away, left her a stiffening corpse.—Her spirit had winged its flight to eternity.

"Mother! mother! oh! dear—dear mother!" he exclaimed, almost frantically, "speak—speak do but speak again! Why do you not look upon me, mother?—upon your William. Can it—can it be you are —?"

He could not say dead: it seemed too grating—too harsh. He took her hand in his; it was cold—icy cold. He knew it then; he knew she was dead. He threw his arms around her neck, and pressing his lips to her pale cheek, wept as though his heart would break.

CHAPTER III.

When Jane and Louise Walton were done making their purchases at the store, they, with their cousin, Gertrude Clarendon, left it, and proceeded homeward. They soon arrived at a splendid mansion in Walnut-street, and ringing the door bell, were in a few moments admitted. Hastening along the hall, they entered an elegantly furnished parlor, where sat a middle aged man, engaged in reading. He was a noble looking person, and on every lineament of his handsome features was marked benevolence and mildness. He laid down his book as they entered, and with a pleasing smile asked how they had succeeded in their purchases.

"Oh, admirably!" said Jane and Louise, in a breath, and they proceeded to spread out before him the various things they had bought, consisting of ivory needle cases, gilt edged books, souvenirs, &c.

He examined them, and expressed his pleasure at their beauties.

"But where are yours, Gertrude?" said he, turning to his niece who stood behind him, with one of her delicate hands laid upon his arm.

"I have none, sir," she replied.

"None! Why, did I not give you money as well as your cousins?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"But what, my dear?" said he winding his arm around her waist, and drawing her closer to him.

She hesitated to tell him, for fear he might be angry with her.

"I will tell you what she done, father," said Jane, "you know she believes every thing a beggar tells her, and so she gave all her money to a ragged boy, who told her a great story about his mother being sick—having nothing to eat—no fire, and so on."

"Indeed I could not help it, uncle," said Gertrude, putting her arm around his neck, and looking with her soft blue eyes coaxingly in his face, "indeed I could not. He begged so hard, and looked so pitiful, I really believe he told the truth. You will forgive me uncle will you not? I did not think when I gave him the purse about its being your gift, or I would have kept it, and given him the money only; I was so touched with his appeals that I put it into his hand without thinking. But you will not be angry, will you?"

"Angry? no Gertrude, no! It were worth ten thousand purses, filled with ten thousand times the amount you have given, to know that you possess a generous heart! Girls," he continued turning to his daughters. "I am astonished that you could not find it in your hearts to give this poor boy, at least a part of yours."

"Forgive me, father," said Jane, abashed, "I

have regretted since that I did not; I will strive to act more generous in future."

"And I, too, have since thought," said Louise, "that what he told us may have been true, and that we might have given him something for his mother."

"Well, well, my daughters," said their father, kissing their rosy cheeks, "for time to come always feel for, and remember the poor. Here Gertrude," he continued taking a note from his book, here is twice the amount you so kindly gave to the poor boy. Take it my noble girl you well deserve to be rewarded. Remember always that benevolence is one of the most godly of virtues."

So saying, he arose, and left the room.

It has been said that "the general makes the soldier." With the same propriety it may be asserted that the mother makes the daughter. It is a truth that cannot be denied. We have an illustration in the case before us. The mother of Jane and Louise (she was now dead) was a woman of the fashionable world, whose heart has been made callous by contact with society, so that it never responded to the calls of distress. Reared, too, amid wealth from her very birth, she in fact could not comprehend the sufferings of the poor. She had formed the opinion that all beggars were impostors, and some had been found so—an opinion, unfortunately for the virtuous poor, that is to generally prevalent. This opinion, by example she instilled into her daughters' minds, and though they possessed hearts like that of their father's, naturally kind and benevolent, yet the example of their mother clung to them like an unseemly garment, hiding the beauty that lay beneath.

Not so was it with the mother of Gertrude—Mr. Walton's sister. She was a woman, unlike Mrs. Walton, whose chief beauty was her mental accomplishments. She had a heart to feel for poverty, and an ever ready hand to alleviate its distresses.

But Gertrude's mother was now dead, as well as her father. They had died some years before leaving her an orphan heiress to the guardianship of her uncle, who, like his sister, cherished the generosity of disposition which she possessed.

CHAPTER IV.

Alone in the counting-house of one of the extensive mercantile establishments in the city of New-York, sat a young man, apparently about twenty-one or two years of age.

His arm rested upon the desk at which he was sitting, and his head was reclining upon his hand. He seemed to be lost in meditation on some object that lay before him, for he sat for a long time without moving his eyes therefrom, or even so much as changing his position. At length, however, he gave vent to his thoughts in words:

"More than six years have elapsed," said he, "since I received this purse; then I was a poor, ragged, penniless beggar boy; now I am heir apparent to one of the richest men in this vast city. Yes, six years have passed away, but the memory of that day, and of her who gave me this, cannot fade. No! never! I vowed beside my poor mother's death bed, that if ever I was able, and could discover the generous girl, whose kind heart pitied that half-starved little mendicant, I would strive to repay the debt of gratitude

I owe her. Would that I could! But I fear 'tis a vain hope, for I have nothing but this purse, with "Gertrude Clarendon" marked upon it. "Well, perhaps it may chance yet to come to pass."

As he finished speaking the door of the counting room opened, and a man of middle age entered.

"Ah! William," said he, smiling, "the purse again? Methinks there is some other feeling towards the donor in your heart, besides that of gratitude."

"Nay, uncle," answered the young man, confusedly, "I love to gaze upon it at times, because it reminds me of my mother —"

"And of a certain little blue-eyed lass, whom a certain William Leslie would have no objections to fall in love with, if he could happen to come across her again—that is if he has not already, merely from gratitude." And the uncle looked archly in his nephew's face as he spoke.

"Nay, uncle, there would perhaps, be but little use of that, even though I should 'come across her,' as you say: there are great changes happen in people's situations in six years. For instance, witness how different is mine. She may be wedded, and have forgotten long, long ago the little beggar boy, or she may be dead, and lying in the cold and silent grave."

"True—I was but jesting," said the uncle.

"But," continued the young man, "as I was saying, I love to look upon the purse, because it reminds me of my mother; and—I will not deny it, for I will ever remember her—of her who gave it to me; and last, though not least, because uncle, it brings to mind the debt of gratitude I owe to you. You who have cared for me like a father for a son."

"Aye! and who will care for you as a father for a son, even when he dies."

"May that day 'be long coming!' and the young man turned away to hide a tear.

He took up his hat, and drawing on his gloves, left the counting-house. He walked along meditating upon the conversation he had just been participating in, and ere he was aware he found himself upon the quay. A steamboat was just about to leave, and he stopped to witness its departure. All was bustle and noise. Passengers, some on foot and some in carriages, were constantly arriving, and hastening on board. Porters were running to and fro with baggage, some with wheelbarrows, some without. Carmen, hackmen, white men, black men, all added their quota to the general din, while the noisy news-boys with their "morning paper sir," and the boiler of the boat with its phizzing roar, in no wise lessened the tumult. Then there were the parting of friends—the farewell uttered in a trembling voice—the silent grasping of the hands—the dimmed eye, and the lingering step, that told, as plain as words, how fond the hearts that were severing. What an exciting scene! So thought William Leslie, as he stood apart, watching the busy crowd.

The last bell was rung—the "all aboard" had been proclaimed—and the fastenings were about being cast loose, when suddenly he was startled by the screaming of women, and a cry of "a man overboard." He ran towards the spot

at the edge of the wharf, where the people were crowded most together, and beheld a man somewhat past the middle age, struggling in the water. Nearly all around seemed paralyzed—none moved towards a rescue. Some, it is true, recommended what ought to be done, but, as is usual, did not make any efforts themselves. William was a good swimmer, and seeing the imminent hazard of the gentleman, he immediately threw off his coat, and plunged in. In a moment he was beating the current with his burden—and in a few more, they were both drawn on board the boat, which had been fastened again to the wharf.

The gentleman shook the water from his locks, and feeling in his pocket, drew forth a well-stored pocket-book, which he proffered to William.

"Take this, young man, as an unworthy reward for the invaluable service you have rendered me," said he, "at least until I can have a better opportunity of giving you a more substantial proof of my gratitude. I would thank you could I find words to do so, but my heart is too full."

William put back the money with his hand.

"No, no," said he, "I did not risk my life for money, I risked it to save a fellow creature's life. Excuse me."

"Take this, then," said the gentleman, handing him his card, "and if you ever visit Philadelphia, do not neglect to call upon me. My house and heart will ever be open to the preserver of my life."

The fastenings had been just cast loose again, and William, with his card in his hand, jumped ashore, whilst the boat proceeded on its way.

CHAPTER V.

It was a gala day in Philadelphia—the anniversary of our Independence—the birth day of our nation—the day of all days to an American freeman! That day, when the heart of every true Son of Columbia beats with a prouder thrill—when his veins burn with a warmer fire of patriotism—when he treads his native soil with a lighter step, and feels that he is FREE! What volumes does that word speak! Free! aye! as the winds that rove through ether, and know no bounds. Freedom! 'tis a jewel kings do not possess; a title princes do not own. Yes! it is a day the patriot glories in. It is a day when his soul expands in thankfulness, and his lips utter gratitude; a day when the events of that period that tried men's souls, crowd thick before the mind's eye, and he sees the bloody grounds of Lexington—of Bunker Hill—of Concord and a host of others, where fought and bled "the heroes of the revolution."

It was on the morning of such a day, that a young man issued from one of the large hotels in Philadelphia, and bent his way leisurely along through several of the principal streets, to witness the demonstration of joy on all sides. The streets were thronged with people. The military, with music playing and colors flying, were marching in companies toward the place of general rendezvous. Old age, and blooming youth—grandsire and grandson, grandmother and granddaughter—alike were "keeping Fourth of July." The beauty and loveliness of the city were tripping along gracing with their many charms the festivities of the day, proud in the knowledge

that they were the daughters of the free.—Here might be seen the honest mechanic, with his neatly attired wife and little ones, wending their way along on foot; there the man of wealth in his fine equipage, or the trim beau on his prancing steed. Altogether it was an exciting scene, not the least lessened by the frequent roar of artillery that ever and anon broke upon the ear.

The young man wandered on, witnessing with pleasure the enthusiasm of a happy people, and thanking God that he was born in America—that he could call himself a freeman. For some time he had continued his walk, and he was now before the time-honored and venerable State-House. What emotions thrilled in his bosom as he looked upon that hoary edifice!—upon that very spot, where, long years before, was read for the first time to an assembled people, the Declaration of our Independence. There within those walls had often assembled those men of Roman courage—those choice spirits who had dared throw off the shackles of tyranny—the illustrious signers of the instrument that declared us no longer subject to a Britain's will, and who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, for its support. Within its precincts, too, the footsteps of Washington and La Fayette had echoed—men whose memory will live forever in the hearts of a grateful people.

Full of such thoughts he stood rivetted to the spot, when suddenly he was startled by a piercing scream, and upon looking round he discovered a pair of horses, with a carriage at their heels, coming down the street toward him, with lightning speed. On, on they came in their maddening course, and he had just time to observe a lady's veil floating out of the window of the vehicle, and that the driver still clung to the box, though unable to manage the animals, ere they were before him. The young man paused not an instant, but rushing forward he laid his hand upon the mane of the nearest steed, and with an agile spring, quick as thought, was upon his back. Grasping the reins, he continued to hold on with one hand, whilst with the other he drew from a side pocket, a springknife. Leaning down with great risk—for they were going at a rapid rate—he cut the harnessing of the off horse loose, as well as he could, and as far as he could reach; then regaining his upright position, with the point of his knife he pricked his nettled steed, who, giving a tremendous leap, cleared the shaft, and shot away at a fearful speed. Flinging the knife away, the young man now exerted all his strength to stop the horse he rode. Gradually his pace diminished, and at last he stood still, quivering in every muscle, covered with foam. Some citizens at that instant laid hold upon the bridle, and jumping from his back, the young man opened the carriage door, and drew from within a young lady, who had fainted. Perceiving an apothecary's opposite, he immediately bore her thither. As he laid her upon a sofa in the shop, and whilst the proprietor was administering restoratives to her, he had an opportunity to examine her appearance. And what a vision of loveliness burst upon his sight! Her face was pale as death, yet it was divinely sweet, and her features were chiselled with an exquisite fineness. Her eyelids, half closed, revealed

a pair of deep blue eyes, shaded by long silky lashes; and her eye-brows were just so delicately arched, and pencilled, as befitted the brow they graced. Her hair was jetty black, and now free from restraint, fell in rich luxuriance o'er her polished neck, as she lay there in calm unconsciousness.

Slowly she revived after a space, and gazing wildly around, seemed bewildered. After a moment or so, memory began to resume its sway, and she recollected what had happened. The disordered apparel of the young man, as her eyes rested upon him, told her he was her preserver; and, blushing, she extended her hand, and in a sweet voice thanked him for his invaluable services. He bowed, and then in order to avoid the praises of the surrounding persons, he quitted the store, leaving her in care of the humane apothecary.

He had not been gone long before a gentleman appeared who addressed the young lady as niece, and who was almost frantic with joy at her escape. When she had sufficiently recovered, a carriage was procured, and he departed with her, regretting greatly that he was deprived of the opportunity of beholding the savior of his niece's life.

CHAPTER VI.

On the morning after the event related in the foregoing chapter, the young man again left his hotel, and bent his steps toward Walnut-street. As he went along, his eye took notice of every carriage that passed him as though he would fain behold again the lovely girl he had rescued. Yes, her image haunted him constantly. She had been in his thoughts all the preceding day, and he had dreamed of her by night, and now he wished he could but behold her again. But it was in vain. Many bright eyes beamed from the tasteful equipages, upon his graceful form as they whirled by; but those mild blue orbs that had looked so sweetly upon him the day before, were invisible.

He arrived at length before an elegant mansion, and taking a card from his pocket, looked first upon it, and then at the plate upon the door; then mounting the marble steps, he pulled the silver handled bell. In an instant the servant answered the summons.

"Does Mr. Walton reside here?" inquired the young man.

"Yes sir: will you walk in?"

The elegantly furnished parlour into which he was ushered bespoke the wealth of the inmates."

"Your name, sir, if you please," said the servant.

"He is unacquainted with my name! take this to him," answered the young man, handing him the card.

The servant departed, and in a few moments footsteps were heard in the entry, and then a gentleman of some forty years or more, entered the apartment. He stood a second near the threshold, and steadfastly regarded the features of his visitor; then stepping towards him with a hasty pace, he grasped the young man's hand with a warmth that told he was no unwelcome guest.

"Welcome, welcome," said he, "a thousand welcomes. Had I an hundred tongues, they could

not give sufficient welcome to the noble preserver of my life. John," he continued, summoning the servant, "bid your mistress come hither."

"And now," said he to the young man, "allow me to inquire to whom I am indebted for preservation from a watery grave."

"You set too high a value upon my poor services, sir. My name is William Leslie, nephew of Charles Richardson of New-York."

"The Merchant Richardson of New-York?" inquired he.

The young man nodded assent.

"I rejoice in it, for he is a worthy man."

"Alas, sir, he lives no more," and the tears dimmed the young man's eyes, "he died about a month since."

"Dead! May he rest in peace."

At this moment a light step was heard at the threshold, and what was William Leslie's surprise to behold before him the lovely girl he had saved from death the preceding day. Blushing, she immediately and before the gentleman had time to introduce William, proceeded to thank him for her life.

"How is this niece?" asked Mr. Walton.

"It was he, Uncle, who yesterday saved me," said she with downcast eyes.

Tears of gratitude started to the Uncle's eyes.

"Then Gertrude, we both owe to him—"

"Gertrude?" interrupted the young man eagerly; "excuse me if I inquire your niece's family name."

"Clarendon," was the reply.

"Clarendon? Do you know aught of this purse, Miss?" asked he putting one in her hand.

"I do," said she, as after examining it she handed it to Mr. Walton. "Uncle do you remember your gift?"

Astonishment was depicted in the countenances of each. They knew the purse but recollected but dimly how it had passed from their possession.

"I have it now," cried Mr. Walton suddenly, "it is the one you so generously gave to a little beggar boy on Christmas day many years ago."

"Yes, yes," said Gertrude, "now I remember; I little expected to see it again."

"Perhaps you little expected to see him to whom you gave it," said William, "I and the little beggar boy are one."

We will pass over the mingled astonishment and pleasure of the parties, and only notice briefly the events of his life, as he related them to Mr. Walton and his niece.

His mother, who with her brother were the only children of a rich merchant of New-York, had married against her father's consent was by him disowned. Her brother who loved her, essayed to dispel her father's anger, but it was unavailing. She and her husband removed to the West, and her brother heard no more of them. In a year or two afterwards the old gentleman died, leaving all his fortune to his son, who would fain have sought his sister out and shared with her his riches, but he knew not where to seek her. In the meanwhile, bad fortune seemed to pursue his sister and her husband, in the West. Two children had been born to them, William the hero of our story, and a daughter; the latter died when she was about two years old. Sickness and other casualties, reduced them greatly, and

they thought if they could get back to their native city, they might get some assistance from Mrs. Leslie's father, who by this time probably had relented. But Mr. Leslie did not live to reach New-York.—Grief and care had undermined his health, and he died ere they had completed half their journey.—William and his mother reached Philadelphia, where Mrs. Leslie was taken sick and died, as we have seen, in poverty. William had often heard her speak of his grandfather, and uncle, and after having her buried with part of the money he received from Gertrude, he journeyed by the aid of the remainder to New-York, and sought out his uncle, who received him and treated him with a father's kindness, and when he died he made him his heir.

"And now," said William, "I will ever bless the day when I became the possessor of this purse."

Reader! need I prolong my story! I ween not. You have no doubt already guessed what happened next: that after a courtship there was a declaration of love, and after a declaration of love a marriage, and to some that more important thing a marriage feast.—You are perfectly right. But you will not, perhaps, so easily divine what became of two other characters in my story: I think I hear you enquiring already what of "Jane and Louise Walton?" Oh excuse me, I forgot to state that they had already ceased to exist, and were buried.—Ceased to exist! Buried!" you're exclaiming. Hold! now;—not so fast. I do not mean that they had ceased to exist in life, but that they had ceased to exist in maidenhood, and had for several years been buried in the bosom of their happy homes. And now that I have satisfied you, adieu!

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

GERALDINE HOWARD,

Or the Lost Daughter.

GERALDINE was the only child of her worthy father, the wealthy Baronet, Sir Charles Howard, who resided at an elegant country-seat near L——. She was a beautiful girl of fourteen summers and as gay and as wild as the untamed fawn. Her dark brown hair fell, unrestrained, over her beautiful, well-turned neck, in long silken ringlets, and her rosy cheeks were ever dimpled with a sweet, endearing smile. Her bright black eyes sparkled with childish delight as she bounded, with a light and graceful step, over the soft green carpet of the extensive parks, which surrounded her father's mansion. Her tiny foot—in short she was all that was beautiful! oh! she was a bright, glad creature, such as few could view and not remember! She was the idol of her father and he had ever indulged her slightest wish. Her mother died when she was very young and consequently she wanted much of the gentleness of disposition, which, if her mother had lived, she would have inculcated. Her cousin Cecilia had been her companion from the time of her parent's decease, and they loved each other as sisters. They were nearly of the same age, (perhaps Cecilia was a few months the elder) and it was difficult to determine which was the superior in point of beauty. They were wandering one pleasant summer day in the fresh and

blooming fields, by the side of a small lake at some distance from the dwelling.

"Oh Cicely!" exclaimed Geraldine, "did you observe that little sparrow?—oh! there it is! It has fallen into the lake!" and she ran forward to see the object of her exclamations.

Cecilia came slowly, and was plucking some little flowers, when she was startled by a cry of distress, and on turning round she saw the dark waters close over the struggling form of Geraldine. She rushed wildly forward and sunk down exhausted, on the spot where she had last seen her cousin.

When she recovered, the last faint rays of the setting sun were fast leaving the eastern horizon. All was silent as the grave, save the low moaning of the wind, as it rushed by her. Recalled to a sense of her situation and the melancholy event of the afternoon, she arose to return to the mansion, but trembled at the thought of her uncle's sorrow, when he should hear the sad catastrophe, which had deprived him of a loved and only child. There was no alternative and with a heavy heart she proceeded. She had not gone far when she was met by her uncle, who, alarmed for their safety, had come in search of them.

Words cannot describe the anguish which filled the bereaved parent's heart, when Cecilia had related the sad fate of his lovely girl. He commanded his servants to drag the lake and sat momentarily expecting to see the pallid corpse of the once beautiful Geraldine brought from the place of the sad, sad event.

Meantime Geraldine had fainted when she fell in, and when she enclosed her eyes, she was surprised to find herself on a miserable truckle-bed and an old woman sitting beside her. Sitting up on her bed, she said, "Where am I? oh tell me! where is my father? my cousin?"

The old hag turned round, with an expression of malice on her rough, disagreeable features, said, "I guess you'll find out where you are quick enough, so get up my fine lady and get about your business."

Notwithstanding her great fatigue and fright, Geraldine complied without a murmur. Again she asked, "Where am I?"

"The gipsies never tell their business to other folks," was the reply.

The whole truth flashed upon her mind at once—she had been rescued by the gipsies and she was now in their power.

About four years after this singular event, a tribe of gipsies encamped in a large forest, belonging to a very wealthy old gentleman, who had been for some time laboring under a lingering illness. Among them was a beautiful young girl, who appeared of a higher station of life than the rest of the tribe. She frequently rambled about the forest and one day she extended her walk to a small lake. Here she sat down and leaning her cheek, wet with tears, on her soft white hand, she thus spoke, "Here have I played, when friends caressed me, and here has my only parent, bewailed the loss of his child." Subduing her feelings she arose and hastened to her tent. There she obtained permission to proceed to the house, under the pretence of fortune telling.

With a smiling face, the young creature, arrayed her slight form in a rich dress and walked gayly on. She was kindly received by a

lovely girl and conducted to a small boudoir, where her conductress left her saying she would call her uncle. Soon after she re-entered accompanied by an elderly gentleman. The gipsy girl stood up and throwing off her cloak and hat, revealed a countenance closely resembling that of the gentleman. Cecilia, for it was her, rushed towards her and throwing her arms round her neck, exclaimed, "Geraldine, my long, lost cousin! and fainted.

In the gipsy girl, Cecilia had recognised her cousin, who was thought to be drowned. Her delighted father could scarce bear to lose sight of his restored child, and from that time, he rapidly recovered. In company with her cousin, Geraldine visited the scenes of her youth and—but we will leave them in their happiness. MARION.

Hudson, May, 1842.

BIOGRAPHY.

LORD ASHBURTON.

LORD ASHBURTON is the second son of Sir Francis Baring, descended from an old family long established in Devonshire. At an early age he was associated with the house of Hope & Co. of Amsterdam. In 1796 he came to America; in 1798 he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Bingham, whose political position as a Senator of the United States, and whose elegant hospitality brought Mr. Baring into constant intercourse with not only the most distinguished men of this country, but with most important personages of Europe who visited America. Mr. Bingham's house, embellished by his graceful and elegant wife, was the resort of the intellectual spirits of the day, and the asylum of some of the French nobility, who had fled from the persecution of Robespierre. Here Mr. Baring became acquainted with the Duke of Orleans, (the present King of the French) with Talleyrand, Volney, and the Diplomatic agents of foreign states, and was frequently thrown into converse with Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Adams, Pinckney, Jay and their associates. His habits of inquiry, and his natural sagacity, could not fail, at that eventful period, to stimulate him in the pursuit of knowledge, which has been manifested throughout his useful career.

His early pursuits led him to inquire into the commercial relations and the important connection of the United States with European trade, whilst the excitement produced by the volcanic commotions of France, threatened destruction to all the established governments of Europe, made the constitution of our republic a theme of animated discussion among the politicians with whom he was then associated.

No Englishman, at that time, could have been more advantageously situated, nor could one, at any time, have had greater opportunities and facilities of estimating the powers of the federal government, or the jealousies of the state rights' party, whose name, as anti-federalists, designated their determination and views. After having resided five or six years in Philadelphia, he returned with Mr. Bingham and his family to England, and became a partner in his father's house, (of trade) which then, or soon after, was composed of Sir Francis Baring and his sons, Thomas

Baring, Alexander Baring, and his son-in-law, Mr. Wain.

Sir Francis Baring retired; Thomas, now Sir Thomas, followed some time after; and Henry Baring next made way for Lord Ashburton's second son, Francis, Mr. Mildmay, who had married one of Lord Ashburton's daughters, Thomas and John Baring, sons of Sir Thomas Baring, Mr. Bates, other persons, associating under the firm of "Baring, Brothers & Co." On the first of January, 1831, Alexander Baring, now Lord Ashburton, withdrew entirely from the firm, leaving his son, Francis Baring, not less distinguished than himself for intellect, at the head of the establishment. Since that day, Lord Ashburton has neither directly nor indirectly interfered with the affairs of that house.

The wealth, intelligence, good conduct and tact of the Baring family, very soon gave them importance in the country where Sir Francis Baring and some of his sons had purchased large estates. —Lord Ashburton, having obtained a seat in Parliament, nearly forty years since, very soon attracted attention, by the acuteness of his remarks and the depth of his research, in all questions connected with *common and political economy*. He was neither graceful in his manner, nor was he, at that time, fluent in his speech, yet he was always heard with attention, and never sat down without the consolation of knowing that his *matter* had commanded respect. He was at the head of a house, which probably through his connection with that of "Hope's" had become the *banking house* for national loans.

It will be only necessary to add that Lord Ashburton is the special Minister appointed by the British Government to bring the questions of dispute between that Government and our own, to an amicable adjustment. We hope that he will assume a less swaggering air, in his diplomatic communications than Mr. Fox has heretofore indulged in; and we presume his intimate acquaintance with the American people, and his known acknowledged good sense, will prompt him to a mild and judicious policy, in his efforts to bring about the much to be desired arrangements.

MISCELLANY.

PEACE PRINCIPLES OF WILLIAM LADD.

It was not mere good nature, but the adoption of the peace principles, which made him thus gentle hearted. A story which he often told with peculiar relish, will illustrate this moulding of his character—the gradual progress of his mind in adopting the peace principles. "I had," said he, "a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by I saw neighbor Pulsifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of a gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spaniels. They could spring over the highest fence, and no partition wall could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulsifer about them; sent him frequent messages; but all without avail. Perhaps they would keep out for a day or two, but the legs of his sheep were long, and my grain rather more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again; the sheep were still there; I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs

on them; and if that would not do, I would pay them if they would shoot the sheep.

I rode away much agitated, for I was not so much of a peace man then as I am now, and I felt, literally full of fight. All at once a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, "Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principles you are preaching to others?" I thought it all over, and settled down my mind as to the best course to be pursued.

The next day I rode over to see neighbor Pulsifer. I found him chopping wood at his door. "Good morning, neighbor." No answer. "Good morning," I repeated. He gave me a kind of grunt, like a hog, without looking up. "I came," continued I, "to see you about the sheep." At this he threw down his axe, and exclaimed, in a most angry manner. "Now aren't you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it; a rich man like you to shoot a poor man's sheep!"

"I was wrong neighbor," said I; "but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine, and in the fall you may take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock."

Pulsifer looked confounded; he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out, "Now Squire, are you in earnest?" "Certainly I am," I answered; "It is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out."

After a moment's silence—"The sheep shan't trouble you any more," exclaimed Pulsifer. "I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know that when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind too." The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. "And my friends," he would continue, addressing the audience, "remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready too. Love will beget love; a wish to be in peace, will keep you in peace. You can only overcome evil with good. There is no other way."

A GLASS OF WATER WELL PAID FOR.

The water of the Neva, at St. Petersburg, is, in the opinion of the Russians, the clearest and the best water that can any where be obtained. For six months in the year this highly-prized water is concealed by a thick covering of ice and snow; but when, towards the beginning of April, the atmosphere has acquired sufficient warmth to loosen the wintry fetters of the stream, the inhabitants look forward with eager expectation to the moment when their beloved Neva will burst her bonds and move again, free and majestically, between her serf-tenanted banks. As soon as the icy mass has got into motion, the glad tidings announced to the expectant capital by the artillery of the citadel, a fortress of considerable strength, situated immediately opposite to the Emperor's palace. The very moment, be it day or night, that an open interval occurs between the floating masses of ice, the governor of the

citadel crosses in a boat to the Emperor's palace, and presents his Majesty with a crystal goblet full of Neva water, as the first offering of the returning spring, and this goblet the Emperor drinks off to the health and prosperity of his beloved capital. It was customary, till within the last few years, for the Emperor to fill the empty goblet with gold and return it to the governor; but it was noticed that the goblet grew larger and larger every year, so that the task of emptying the glass became yearly more difficult of accomplishment, while, on the other hand, it required every year a greater number of ducats to fill it as high with gold as it had before been filled with water. By way of retrenchment, his Majesty has of late reduced the customary present to the governor, who now receives 200 ducats in return for his uninebriating beverage. This sum, though less than his predecessors have frequently received, is still, perhaps, a larger price than is paid for a glass of water in any other part of the world.

MEANNESS AND GENEROSITY.

A Roman Army besieged the city of Greece. All the children were under the superintendence of the school master, who daily led them out to the walls of the city. One day he led them to the Roman camp, and delivered them up to the General, saying, "With the children I deliver up the city; for their parents and friends cannot survive the loss."—The Roman General replied, "Base traitor and wretch, I despise your mean act. I will not take the city by base means." He then bound his hands behind him, and put scourges into the hands of the children, and directed them to beat him back to the city. In the mean time their parents and friends were frantic with grief at their loss; but at length they beheld them returning driving their traitor before them. Joy and admiration filled their hearts, and they exclaimed, "Our enemies are kinder than our friends; we will no longer contend against such kind enemies;" and immediately delivered up the keys of the city to the Roman General who returned them, saying that he wished not to take advantage of an enemy, and marched away his army.

THE SWISS HUNTER.

The following curious occurrence is mentioned in the *Journal d'Iscire*:—A short time ago a hunter, who was sporting on the banks of the lake of Wallenstad, in Switzerland, discovered the nest of one of those destructive birds, the "Lammergeyer," a species of vulture; he shot the male, and made his way along a projecting rock with a view of taking the young birds. He had raised his arm and put his hand into the nest, when the female hovering over his head unperceived by him pounced down upon him, fixed her talons in his arm, and beak in his side. The sportsman, whom the slightest movement must have precipitated to the bottom of the rock, with that coolness and self-possession so peculiar to the mountain huntsman of that country, notwithstanding the pain he experienced, remained unmoved. Having his fowling piece in his left hand, he placed it against the face of the rock pointed to the breast of the bird, and with his toe,

as they always go bare-footed, the better to enable them to hold and climb the rocks, he touched the trigger, and the piece went off and killed his enemy on the nest. Had the bird been any where else it must have dragged him along with it. He procured assistance from the auberge, or inn, hard by, and brought the two birds as trophies of his valor away with him. Some of these birds have been known to measure 17 feet from tip to tip of their wings, and are only equalled in size by the condor of South America.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

"MITHUTH Y. I come to athk you if you kin lend me your pig pen for a few dayth?"

"My pig pen! why, Mr. Fisher, what can you want with my pig pen?"

"I have juth been purchathin thome twine—two thowth and pigth, at a conthableth thale, and want to put them in your pen."

"Why Mr. Fisher, my pen won't hold so many pigs as you have. What on airth did you buy them for?"

"I bought them for my own family uthc, marm, and I'm thertain your pen will be thufficiently large for them."

"My pen will only hold twenty-five common sized ones."

"Well, if it will hold twenty-five hogth, it will thurely hold two thowth and pigth."

"Two thousand pigs—why it won't hold the twentieth part of them."

"Underthand me, marm, I don't thay two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and pigth."

"I hear you. Two thousand pigs for a family of six! I think the man's demented—two thousand pigs in that pen! he's certainly crazy."

"Mithuth Y. I tell you again, I mean not two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and two pigth."

"Oh—oh—Mr. Fisher, is that what you mean? my pig pen is at your service, sir."

"Thank you thinthierly, marm," lisped the relieved Fisher, as he started for the pig pen, in which he soon deposited "two thowth and pigth!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

ANECDOTE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT ADAMS.

This patriot of the Revolution was dining one day with a Tory Judge, who gave as a toast "THE KING." Mr. Adams and other Whigs present drank the toast, but with no small reluctance; and when his turn came, he reciprocated the civility by saying, "Let us drink to the health of THE DEVIL." This was so startling and offensive, that it would have produced unpleasant consequences, had not the Judge's lady, with the admirable tact of her sex, diverted the tide of wrath into another channel, by observing: "Pray, do not scruple to drink the toast; Mr. Adams has drank to the health of *our* friend, and you ought not to hesitate in drinking to the health of *his*!" This was pouring oil upon the waves, and it restored the good humor of the hour. The name of the Judge, if my memory be correct, was Paine. It was probably the same gentleman who asked a black servant if he had heard the news. "No sir, what is it?" The Devil is dead. "Ah! I didn't know he was *dead*, though I have heard that he has been a long time in PAIN."

THE OLD FISH AND THE YOUNG ONES.

A FISHERMAN having thrown a nice bait into the water, which was fastened to a hook at the end of his line, drew it along so cunningly, that many young fish were deceived by it, and were eagerly hastening to get a nibble. "Stop, stop," said an old fish, that saw them moving on so fast; "which-ever of you bites that worm, will be caught by the sly fisherman whom I see near the bank of the river; or if he escape, he will be severely wounded, or perhaps he doomed all his days to wear a hook in his mouth." "I see no fisherman," said one of the young ones; "come on, comrades, follow me. If you are afraid, I will bite first, and shall have a good nibble before you." So saying, he seized the hook, and instantly disappeared from the river, and just lived long enough to repent of his folly.

The young should always listen to the old, when they warn them against danger, as the old have more knowledge than the young. For want of so doing, many are burnt by going to near the fire, drowned by going into the water, and hurt still worse by joining the society of wicked children.

They should, then, mind the advice which says, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."—*Cobbin's Fables.*

THE TWO CATS.—The anecdote of the two cats which has been told of many learned men, originated with Dr. Barrett, Provost of Dublin University, and one of Curran's contemporaries. His only pets a cat and a kitten, its progeny. A friend seeing two holes in the bottom of the door, asked him for what purpose he made them there. Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out.

"Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?"

"You silly man," said the doctor, "how could the big cat get into the little hole?"

"But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?"

"Egad," said Barratt, "and so she could, but I never thought of that."

A CLERGYMAN catechising the youths of his parish, put the question in Heidelberg's Catechism to a girl. "What is the only consolation in life and in death?"—The poor girl smiled and no doubt felt queer. The priest insisted—"Well then," said she, "if I must tell, it is the little shoemaker across the way, that wears a striped jacket."

SEEING IT'S YOU.—"How far is it to ———?" "Why, it's eight miles." "Eight devils, why a man told me a mile back, it was only six." "Well seeing that you're an old man, and your horse looks tired, and you seem impatient, why, we'll call it three."

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1842.

WEST CHESTER BOARDING SCHOOL.—This Institution was established some fifteen years since, and is now under the care of Elwood Walter. A view of the building and ground may be seen on the first

page, which is considered, by those familiar with the spot, as a very correct representation. It is pleasantly located at the entrance of the village of West Chester, in the lower section of the county of that name, and about twelve miles north of the city of New-York; seven miles of this distance are "used up" on the Third Avenue, one of the finest roads for a ride on the continent; and after crossing the Harlam Bridge, the remaining five miles are accomplished upon the Eastern Mail route. On entering the village, you see on your right the "Friends Meeting House," and a little beyond it, the Episcopal "Church of St. Peter," and nearly opposite you see the "West Chester Boarding School." We would say to those parents who have sons to educate, send them without delay, as friend Walter is a man well calculated to "teach the young ideas how to shoot."

TO DELINQUENTS.—Those of our subscribers who have not paid for the present volume, will please to do so without delay, as the volume is drawing to a close, we would wish to have old accounts settled. Our terms are invariably in advance. We will promise our friends not to consider them insane, as they do in some parts, when a man pays his honest debts—

No, sure we will not call them mad,
But from our hearts we shall be glad.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

M. R. H. Swansey, N. H. for Vol. 19, \$2.00; A. M. B. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. V. V. Newark, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; L. D. Burke, Vt. \$1.00; J. J. W. Sycamore Ill. \$1.00; H. M. G. Salt Point, N. Y. \$1.00; C. N. Hempstead, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; P. M. Colchester, Ct. \$3.25; N. B. C. Harmony, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. Great Barrington, Ms. \$1.00; H. D. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Norwalk, O. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; E. F. Delta, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; M. C. Greenport, N. Y. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; M. W. Mansfield, O. for Vol. 19, \$1.00; H. C. Q. Lowell, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Coldwater, Mich. for Vol. 19, \$1.50; L. D. Truxton, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married.

In this city, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. C. F. Le Fevre, Mr. William H. Steene, of New York, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Samuel Crossman, of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the same, Mr. Robert A. Moore's, of Hudson, to Miss Paulina P. Hood, of Greenport.

On the 9th inst. by the same, Mr. John Taylor to Amy H. Dutcher, both of Hudson.

On the 10th inst. by the same, Mr. John Campbell to Miss Catharine Rytenburgh, both of Hudson.

On the 16th inst. by the same, Mr. Henry Miller to Miss Sarah Jane Little, both of Hudson.

On the 4th inst. by the same, Mr. William W. Carson, of Dalton, Mass. to Miss Juliana Richards, Holsdale, Ms.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Isaac Van Ness, of Schodack, to Miss Amanda Traver, of Hudson.

On the 12th inst. by the same, Mr. Charles Pierson to Miss Jane McCully, both of this city.

In Holsdale, on the 9th inst. by Elder Lagrange, Mr. Alfred Bruce, merchant of Albany, to Miss Mary Ann, only daughter of John McAlpin, of the former place.

In Kinderhook, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. L. H. Van Dyck, Dr. Lucas Van Schaack, of Oswego, to Miss Mary E. daughter of the late Barent Hoes, Esq. of the former place.

In Claverack, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. A. Bushnell, Jr. Mr. William R. Williams to Miss Julia Ann Holsapple.

In Claverack, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. R. Suyter, Mr. Robert Cooper, of Greenport, to Miss Eliza Melious, of Hamburg, Greene Co.

In Claverack, on the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. Casper Dobbs, of Catskill, to Miss Maria Landt, of the former place.

At Clermont, on Sunday the 1st inst. by Wesley R. Gallup, Esq. Mr. James F. Noyes to Miss Evalina Sharp, both of Hudson.

By the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Daniel M. Haskell, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Mrs. Nancy W. Seymour, of Auburn, N. Y.

Died.

In this city, on the 4th inst. Amelia Ann Dikeman, wife of Frederick Jenkins, in her 36th year.

On the 6th inst. Anna, daughter of Henry P. and Phebe B. Skinner, aged 3 years.

On the 14th inst. Catharine Schermerhorn, in her 71st year.

On the 15th inst. Sarah Brown, in her 70th year.

In Holsdale, on the 2d inst. Polly, wife of Isaac Foster, aged 44 years.

At Pawucket, R. I. on the 11th inst. very suddenly, Abigail Waterman, daughter of Amasa W. and Myrtilla Whipple, aged two years and 11 months.

In Chatham, (White Mills) on Thursday the 12th inst. Anna D. daughter of F. H. and S. W. Rathbone, aged nearly 3 years.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

SPRING.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

SWEET spring thou art come I feel thy warm breeze,
Fan gently my cheek as I rove;
I mark thy approach in the shrubs and the trees,
And view thy light print in the grove.
How pleasant at morn to rise with the sun,
And gather the lillies so fair;
Thro' fields and thro' gardens delighted to run,
With spirits as buoyant as air.
How fragrant and sweet is the rose's young breath,
How enchanting their hues as they bloom,
Thy presence gives joy to the desert and heath,
Where the wild flowers emit their perfume.
E'en the couch of the sufferer feels thy soft power,
As the invalid raises his eye;
And looks through each bud, each blossom and flower,
To Him who has made them on high.
How soft is the landscape which breaks on the eye,
How sweet as it rises to view;
With its green sloping hills, its azure blue sky,
And its valleys bespangled with dew.
To linger at eve 'neath the moon's lucid beams,
And list to the nightingale's song;
To walk with a friend by the brook's silver stream,
And see it meander along.
To gaze on the moon as she sails thro' the skies,
In her full orb, majestic and clear;
And mark her bright pathway as onward she flies,
To illumine a far distant sphere.
O, these are the scenes my soul loves to view
They raise my rapt spirit on high;
They teach me true wisdom in all I pursue,
And point me to joys in the sky,
And such are thy charms to me lovely spring,
More dear than the mines of Peru;
Not one of thy pleasures their gold can e'er bring,
Or purchase a treasure so true.
Then linger sweet spring, cast thy robe o'er the trees,
Let me dwell in thy bright rosy bowers;
And catch thy rich odors which float on the breeze,
And revel 'mid sun shine and flowers.
Sag Harbor, L. I. April, 29, 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES,

Upon the Death of Miss Sarah C. L. Parker, of Perth Amboy.

SHE has passed away in her youth, and bloom,
She has passed to the dark and lonely tomb,
They have laid her down to her dreamless rest,
And placed the sod o'er her silent breast.
She has left the home of her early youth,
For a home in heaven, of peace and truth,
She has gone to her God, whom she worshipped here,
Then do not lament her by sigh, or tear.
Lament her! we must, but if tears could recall
Her back to this earth, they should not fall,
For she whom we mourn is an angel now,
And the crown of faith encircles her brow.
She has left this dark world of sin, and strife,
And gone to her rest in the morning of life,
Ere sin, or sorrow, or blight, or care,
A single line on her heart could wear.

She lingered not till the summer's close,
But has gone when the breath of the opening rose,
Lent its soft perfume to the balmy air,
And all things in nature were bright, and fair.

'Tis sweeter to die in the balmy spring;
Ere time o'er nature a blight can fling,
When the song of birds, and the scent of flowers,
Can soothe by their sweetness, the passing hours.
Hudson, May 14, 1842. J. K.

For the Rural Repository.

PARTING WORDS.

BY F. A. A.

"I go to a distant land, sister,
To a land far o'er the sea,
And I have come dear sister,
To say farewell to thee."
"And must thou go my brother
To other lands to dwell?
And leave perchance forever
The friends you love so well?"
"Yes! I must leave thee, sister,
But tho' we part for years
Hope whispers 'we shall meet again,'
So wipe away your tears;
For from that distant land
Oh! I shall bring to thee,
Bright diamonds from Golconda's mines
And pearls from India's sea!"
"I ask thee not Oh! brother,
For the wealth of earth, or main,
Yet I desire one boon of thee;
Bring back thy heart again,
Pure and unsullied, brother,
And free from spot, or stain!"
"Oh come thou back my brother,
From that far distant clime
With mind as light, and pure as now,
Unmarked by sin, or crime:
And whether on the land or sea
In all thy thoughts Remember me!"
Hinesburgh, Vt. April, 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

THE MISER'S DYING REFLECTIONS.

BY J. M'KINSTRY, JR.

O DEATH, Grim Monster! art thou come for me?
And must I, must I now depart with thee?
Must I forego my plans of future gain?
O, does there yet no chance of life remain?
Must I relinquish all my earthly store,
And quit my treasures to return no more?
Is there no respite? is there no delay?
O no, he comes, he comes, I must away!

I must forsake my wealth, so long my care,
And what of all things I have held most dear!
I must resign these coffers—all this hoard,
Which with toil and anguish I have stored!

Long years I've labored, and my whole pleasure
Has been to increase this golden treasure—
Said I my pleasure? what pleasure did I reap,
When suffering all things to augment this heap?
To what privations have I been inured!
What evils have I borne, what pains endured!
Sleepless nights I've passed, and restless days have
spent

While on my gold my anxious thoughts were bent!

But of all my toils and arduous pursuits,
What is now the end? what are now the fruits?
What object is achieved? There, there, alas!
Behold it there, in you glittering mass!

Yes, o'er that vile trash full many a day
I've brooded, for there my whole being lay;
A stranger I've lived unto all social bliss—
A stranger to ought but my own avarice.

What generous act, what good deed have I done?
What hopes revived? what pains relieved? none,
oh none!

When want and poverty have asked relief,
My heart was hard, my ear was deaf.

Of all conditions, mine has been the worst!
Of all lots in life, mine the most accursed!

The being on earth most abject, mean and poor,
He who has begged his bread from door to door,
Or been in dungeons destined to repine,
Has led a happy life, compared with mine.
Sordid lucre has been my being's aim,
And now in death, I loathe its very name.

O, for one hour's comfort to my troubled soul,
How willingly I'd sacrifice the whole!
How joyfully each shining gem bestow,
To procure relief from this incumbent woe!
But he comes! I feel his grasp! his form I spy!
My Riches! Treasures! O! I die, I die!

*Greenport, N. Y. Feb. 11, 1842.*PROSPECTUS
OF THE

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Volume 19th, Commencing June 18, 1842,

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"Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft eyed maiden steal a tear."

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Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. May 7, 1842.

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